and Protestant missionaries to be adjusted and the population thinned to appreciable approach to extermination, before the blessings of the Republic, then so gloriously vindicated, were firmly settled upon the survivors. For these and all its other benefits Tahiti, however, can now give public thanks on the Fourteenth, as can all realms over which the tricolour waves. Tahiti is indeed officially encouraged to do so. The thronging Chinese, the half and quarter and infinitely mixed breeds, the French officials, the Anglo-Saxon traders, the American tourists and that one per cent ol the population that is still Tahitian, all unite in a glad orgy of forgetiulness. And, moralise as one may, it remains that it is well. The past is beyond recall, and we moderns here would die like the Marquesans of melancholy if we could not discount the future.

So Papeete stirs in her year-long slumber and decks herself for four official days of gaiety. Along the water-front, on either side of the bust of Bougainville, speculative citizens erect booths for the sale of champagne and the light wines of France. A few lay down dancing floors and iastal orchestras